CORK & MACROOM DIRECT RAILWAY.

THE TOURIST'S ROUTE

To Glengarriff and Killarney.

Via Cork, Macroom, Lakes of Inchigeela, Gougane Barra, Pass of Keim-an-Eigh, Bantry Bay, Glengarriff, Kenmare, and Parknasilla to Killarney.

THE TOURISTS' ROUTE

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Glengarriff and Killarney

VIA

CORK AND MACROOM, LAKES OF INCHIGEELA, GOUGANE BARRA, THE PASS OF KEIM-AN-EIGH, BANTRY BAY, GLENGARRIFF, AND KENMARE RIVER.

Tourists by this Route have an opportunity of going through the most beautiful scenery in Ireland. Proceeding from Cork to Macroom by Train, the following

INTERESTING RUINS, &c.

can be seen from the Railway Carriage—

BALLINCOLLIG or BARRETT'S CASTLE.
KILCREA ABBEY.
KILCREA CASTLE.
CROOKSTOWN CASTLE, or CASTLEMORE.
CLODDAGH CASTLE.
LISSARDA CASTLE.
MASHANAGLAS CASTLE.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS AT COOLCOWER BRIDGE, Lee and Sullane.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS AT MACROOM BRIDGE, Sullane and Lany.

On arrival at Macroom by Train, Tourists proceed by well-appointed Coaches to

KILLARNEY VIA GLENGARRIFF

The road runs for four miles along the fringe of the Celebrated

LAKES OF INCHIGEELA,

and thence to the Far-famed

HOLY LAKE OF LONE GOUGANE BARRA

at the source of the Lee, on an island of which is situated the Hermitage of St. Fin Barre, with the ruins of the Chapel and Cloister. Thence through the magnificent

PASS OF KEIM-AN-EIGH

(Admitted to be the finest in the Kingdom).

Shortly after leaving the Pass, the first grand view is obtained of

BANTRY BAY.

HOT and COLD LUNCHEONS,
AFTERNOON TEA, ICES.

At THOMPSON'S, 71 & 72, Patrick Street, CORK.

The Finest
Assortment
and
Highest
Quality of

Afternoon Tea Cakes

in the Trade.

Sent
everywhere by
Parcel Post.

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.
ICES, CHOCOLATE, BON-BONS.

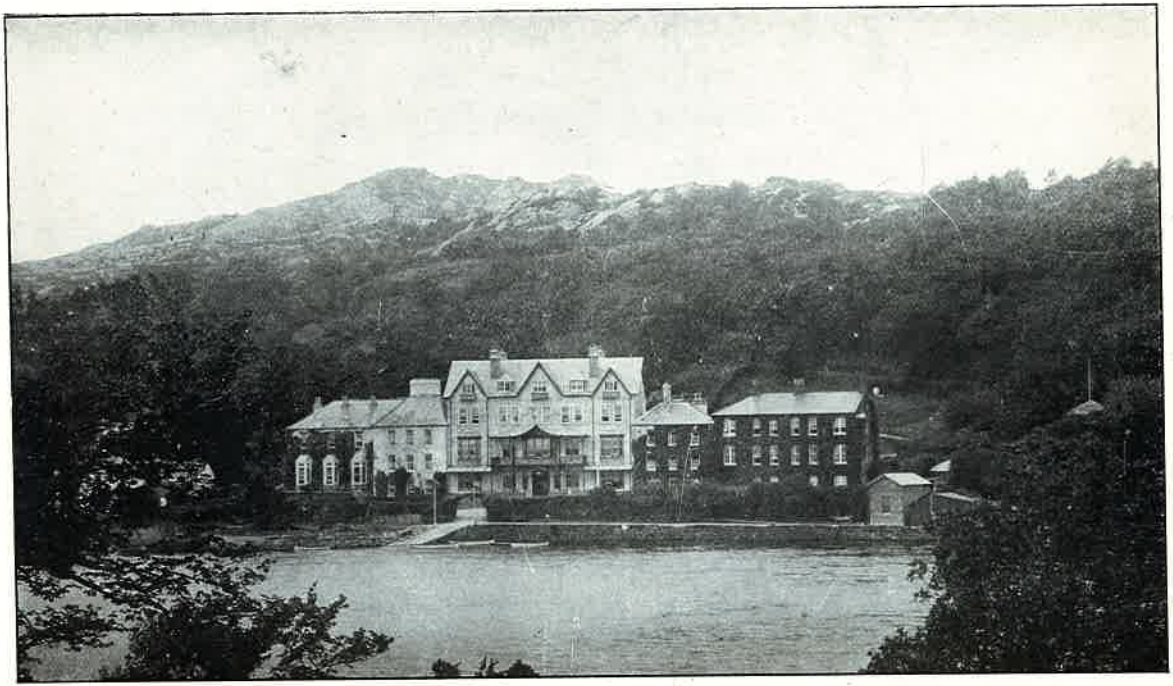
F. H. THOMPSON & SON, Ltd., 71 & 72, Patrick St., CORK.

HOTEL LIST.

Cork	HOTEL METROPOLE.—The Premier Hotel of the South of Ireland. Extensive additions now complete, comprising about 40 extra bedrooms, magnificent Dining and Coffee Rooms, Enlarged Lounge, etc. Electric Elevator and all modern conveniences. Terms moderate.
Cork	THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK, LTD.—Largest Family and Commercial Hotel in the South of Ireland, containing 200 Rooms, Ballroom, Coffee Room, Reading Room, Commercial, Dining and Writing Room, Drawing and Private Sitting Rooms, Smoking Lounge, Billiards. 'Bus meets all trains. Night Porter in attendance. First-Class Cuisine. Table d'Hote, 7 o'clock. Electric Light throughout. Telegrams—"Imperial, Cork." Apply Manager.
Cork	THE MUNSTER HOTEL, Coburg Street.—This Hotel has been lately enlarged and re-modelled, and fitted up in the most modern style; occupies a central position; private dining and sitting rooms; tariff, 7s. per day; bedroom, 2s. No charge for attendance. W. Walsh, proprietor.
Cork	F. H. THOMPSON AND SON, LTD., 71 and 72, Patrick Street.—Hot and Cold Luncheons and Light Refreshments, Ices, Afternoon Tea Cakes, Chocolate, and Bon-Bons. Branches—Bridge Street, Cork; 15, West Beach, Queenstown. Compact Luncheon Cases, One Shilling each, for Cyclists and Tourists.
Dublin	GRESHAM HOTEL, Sackville Street.—First-class cuisine, moderate charges, 120 bedrooms, spacious saloons and ballroom on ground floor, electric light, etc.; under new management. Jas. Farrelly, Manager.
Glengarriff	ECCLES HOTEL.—First-class Family Hotel; beautifully situated close to water's edge; splendid river, lake, and sea-fishing.
Killarney	THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.—This Hotel is exquisitely situated on Lower Lake, facing Innisfallen Island, and enjoys the distinction of being the only Hotel in Killarney at which his late Majesty The King ever stayed.
Killarney	THE LAKE HOTEL, Killarney Lakes. First-class. Standing on the shore of the Lower Lake; newly furnished; electric light throughout; boating and fishing; golf; daily conveyances for local tours. Address, the Manager.
Queenstown.	QUEEN'S HOTEL.—(Under new Management.) Splendid Situation facing the sea; patronized by the best English and Continental Families. B. Humbert, proprietor.

GLENGARRIFF, CO. CORK.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.



BEST SITUATION FOR EXCURSIONS.

THE ECCLES' HOTEL.

St. Patrick Street, Cork

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK, LTD.

1912

First-class Cuisine.

Table d'Hote 7 o'clock.

Electric Light throughout.

'Bus meets all Trains.

Night Porter in Attendance.

Largest Family and Commercial Hotel in the South of Ireland, containing **200** Rooms, Ballroom, Coffee Room, Reading Room, Commercial, Dining, and Writing Room; Drawing and Private Sitting Rooms, Smoking Lounge, Billiards.

An Electric Elevator has now been installed.

Telegrams—"IMPERIAL, CORK."

Apply Manager.

Gresham Hotel, Dublin.

Electric Light.

Moderate Charges.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is situate in Sackville Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in the World, nearly opposite the General Post Office. Visitors will find their requirements catered for at the "GRESHAM" in a manner unsurpassed by any Hotel in the City. No efforts are spared to ensure in every possible way the comfort of its patrons. *One Hundred and Twenty Bedrooms.*

Spacious Saloons on Ground Floor. First-class Cuisine. Electric Elevator.

CORK & MACROOM DIRECT RAILWAY.

THE

TOURISTS' ROUTE

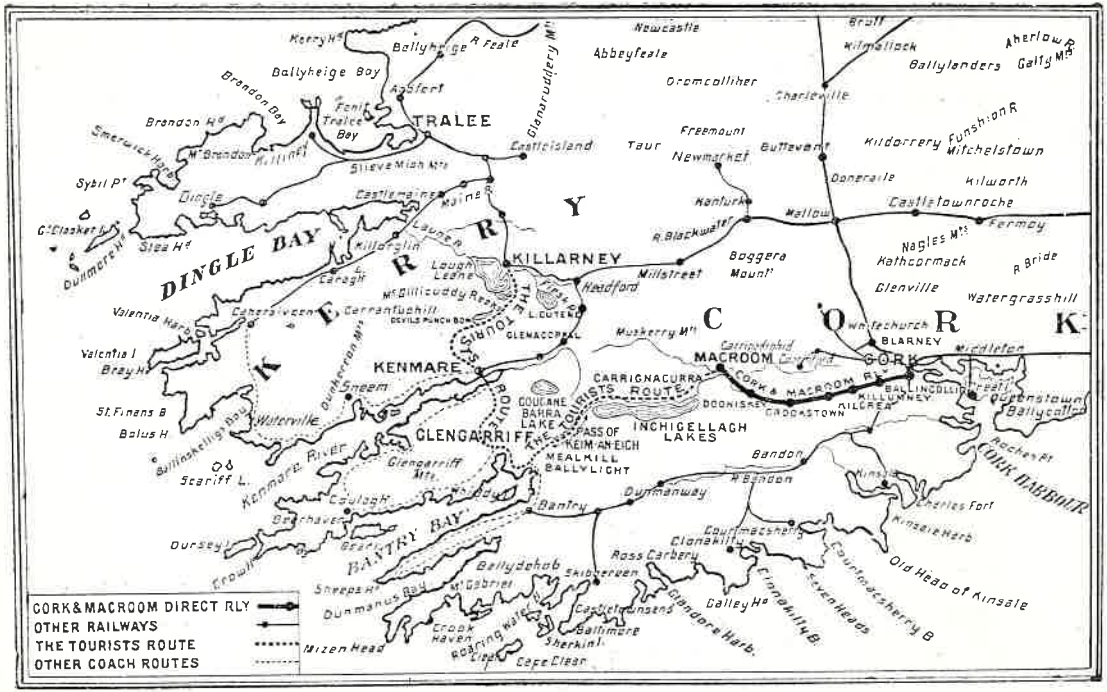
TO

Glengarriff & Killarney

VIA

CORK, MACROOM, LAKES OF INCHIGEELA, GOUGANE BARRA, PASS OF KEIM-AN-EIGH, BANTRY BAY, GLENGARRIFF, AND KENMARE TO KILLARNEY.

Printed and Published by Guy & Co. Ltd., Cork.



Map of the Tourists' Route between Cork, Macroom, Gougane, Glengarriff, and Killarney.

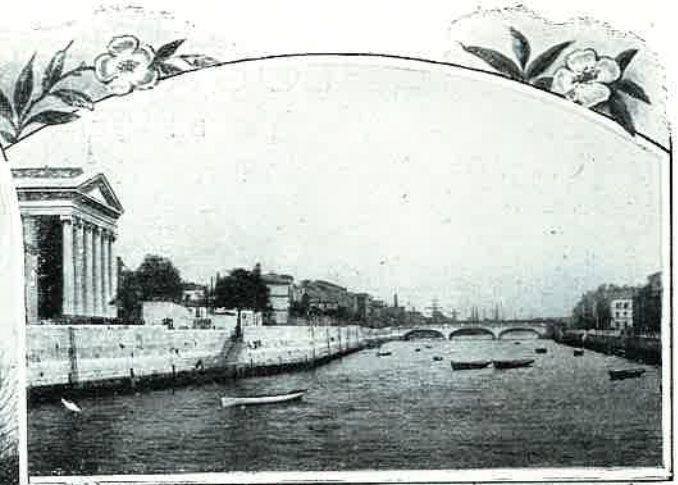
THE TOURISTS' ROUTE

BETWEEN

CORK, GLENGARRIFF AND KILLARNEY, VIA MACROOM.

PARTIES going to Glengarriff and Killarney, who really wish to visit the most beautiful and interesting scenery in the South of Ireland, should be particular to select the route through Macroom, which admittedly contains some of the most historical ruins of Castles, remnants of feudal times, tribal wars, and unsuccessful struggles with the English Invasion; Abbeys and sacred places—evidences of the valour, culture, and piety which reigned in Ireland when neighbouring countries were in a state of semi-barbarism—some particulars of which are given in the accompanying guide.

It is granted upon all hands that travelling by train is not the best way to see the beauties of a country. By this route the Railway portion is but 25 miles; yet within that distance several interesting and historical objects meet the eye. Having left the train at Macroom, the journey from thence to Glengarriff is exceptionally beautiful and varied. The drive is for miles along the verge of the Inchigeela Lakes; further on, there is a "pull up" to visit that most interesting spot at the source of the Lee, the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, with the ruins of its Island Church—then a drive of about a mile through



Photos by] St. Fin Barre's Cathedral, Cork.

Quay and St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork. *[Guy & Co., Cork.*

the magnificent **Pass of Keim-an-eigh**—then to the summit of a hill, from which there is a panoramic view of the low-lying and distant farmsteads. Shortly afterwards is caught a first glimpse of the renowned Bantry Bay, along whose shores we shall shortly hasten to Glengarriff—one of the loveliest spots in this country, or perhaps in the British Isles.

The Coaches stop at intervals, giving the Tourists time to see the different points of beauty, which adds considerably to the enjoyment, and gives a charm to the day's outing.

CORK.

A few words briefly descriptive of Cork, the capital of the South of Ireland, may not be uninteresting to the tourist, who will probably make a short stay there, either previous to his departure for, or, after his arrival from Glengarriff, or Killarney, by the Tourist Route.

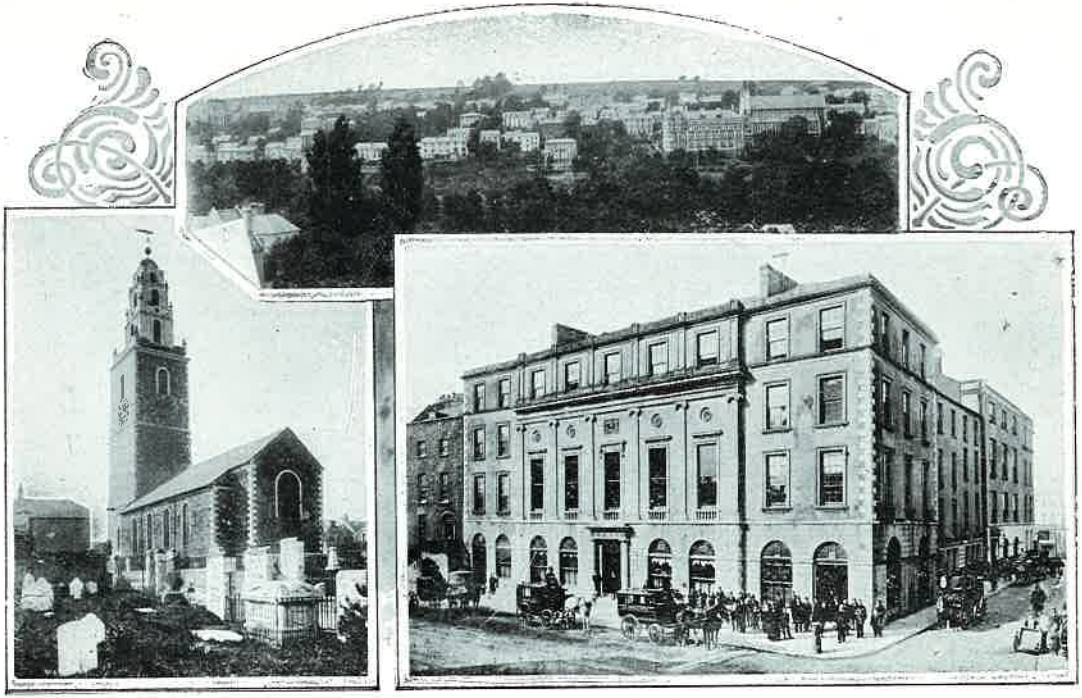
Cork is a city of about 80,000 inhabitants. From its geographical position, with its magnificent harbour—one of the finest in the world—and its beautiful river (the Lee), with quays extending for miles, it naturally commands considerable commercial importance. The city grew up around an abbey, founded in the sixth century by St. Finn Barr, whose shrine and hermitage at Gougane Barra those availing of the Tourists' Route will be given time and opportunity to examine and explore. But let us not anticipate, Cork can boast of some excellent buildings, ecclesiastical, educational, and commercial. Amongst those worthy of a visit according to taste, time, and inclination, are the Schools of Science and Art, the Roman Catholic Church of SS. Peter and Paul, the Court House, the Protestant

Cathedral, the Dominican (Roman Catholic) Church of St. Mary's, the Holy Trinity Church of the Capuchins, to which Order belonged Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance; the Protestant Church of St. Anne's Shandon, with its pepper-box steeple, containing the famous Shandon Bells, so celebrated in verse by Father Prout, who wrote:

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

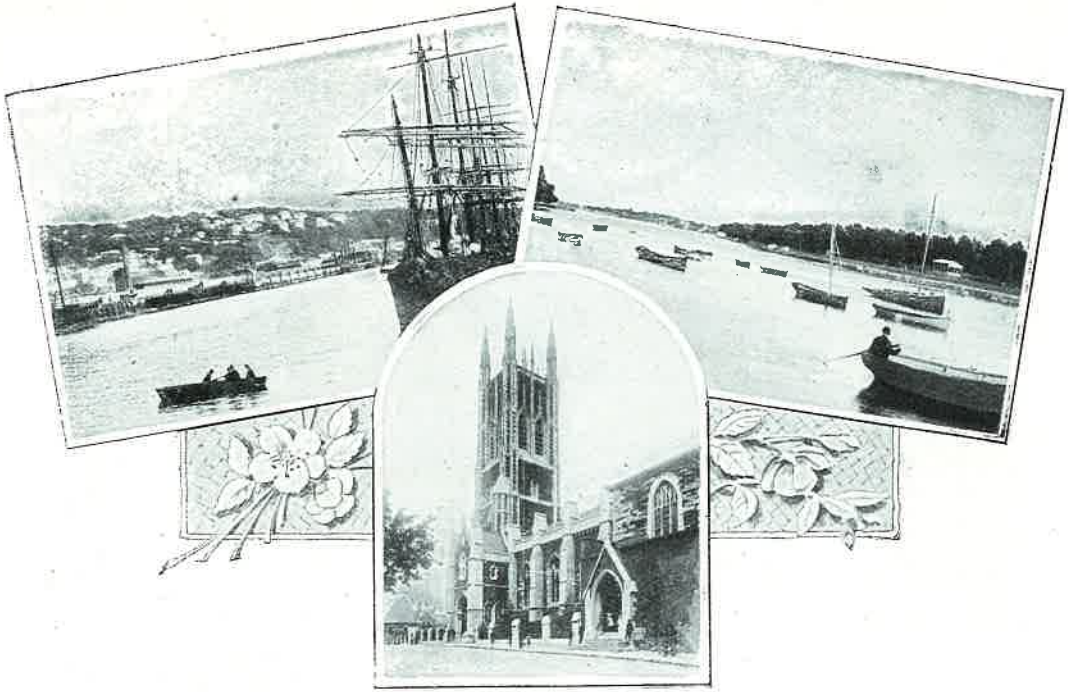
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork of thee,
With thy Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of
The river Lee.

Close by is the world-famed Butter Exchange, also the Roman Catholic Cathedral with its massive towers. A few minutes' walk will take the visitor to the Christian Brothers' Schools, which are well worth a visit In the little graveyard is buried Gerald Griffin, the Irish novelist, who, before joining the Christian Brothers, wrote and published amongst other works, "The Collegians," "The Invasion," "The Rivals," "The Half-Sir," "The Ceiner," &c., &c. The University College, with its well laid-out grounds, should also be visited. The entrance can now be reached from the centre of the city, by electric tram, for one penny. Presuming that Cork has been made the headquarters of the tourist, and that he has enjoyed a day well and diligently spent in sightseeing, and perhaps an evening at the Opera House, the Palace Theatre, or the Picturedrome, he is left to recruit his strength for to-morrow's journey.

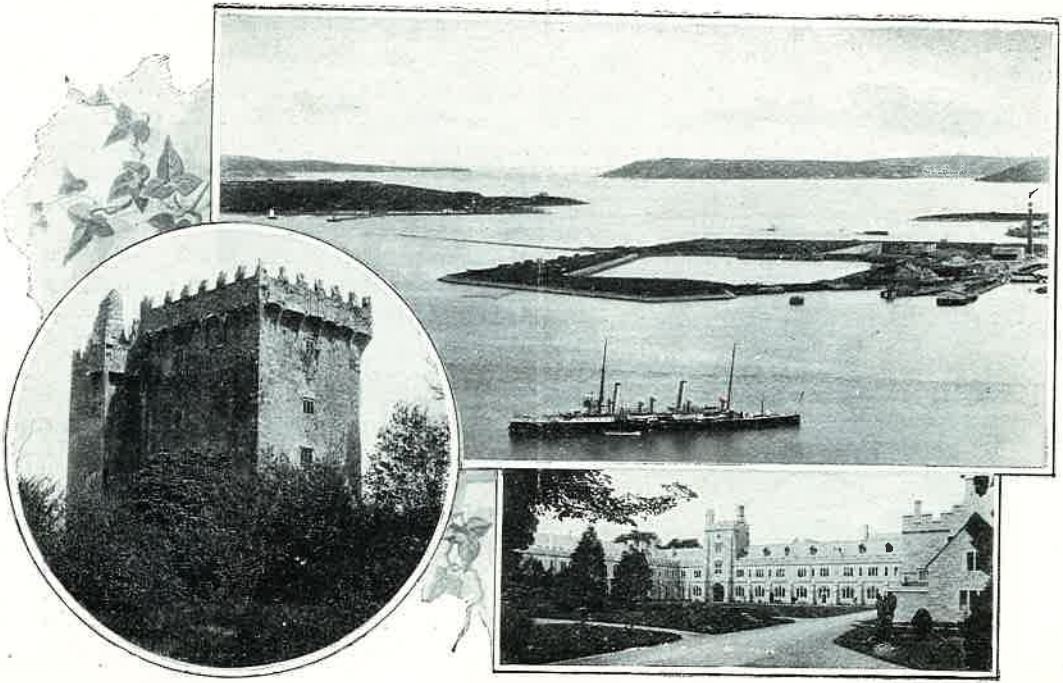


Photos by] View Sunday's Well, Cork. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Shandon Church, Cork. Imperial Hotel, Cork.



Photos by] View on Lee, Tivoli. Catholic Cathedral, Cork. View on Lee, Marina. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*



Photos by] Blarney Castle. Cork Harbour. Queen's College. *[Guy & Co., Cork.*

CORK TO MACROOM BY RAIL (60 minutes).

As an "Old Traveller" writes in "A Week in the South of Ireland," now "for the route of our choice by Macroom." Railway travelling, as a rule, does not afford the best means of viewing scenic beauties. The run of 25 miles by this route is, however, through a most interesting country, abounding in historic ruins of Abbeys and Castles—evidences of the culture, piety, and prowess of by-gone ages.

BALLINCOLLIG CASTLE.

As the train leaves the terminus (Capwell), there are obtained many charming views of the outlying portions of the city and suburbs, including Vernon Mount and Frankfield Hill, the Cathedral towers of St. Fin Barre's, the Military Barracks, the hillside of Sunday's Well (where for a time the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald lay concealed). Further on, we pass in view of the City Waterworks, the Lunatic Asylum, and Mount Desert. Shortly afterwards the train stops at

BALLINCOLLIG STATION.

Ballincollig ("the town of the Boar") is a neat village, with a Military establishment, consisting of large Cavalry and Artillery Barracks. Outside the station, on the left, are the stately ruins of a

castle, built by the Barretts in the reign of Edward III.; the tower, a conspicuous object, relieves the monotony of the level and low plain ground.

About a mile to the north-west, in the valley on the right, is the old Church of Inniscarra, beautifully situated at the conflux of the rivers Lee and Bride.

After a short run of ten minutes the train reaches Kilumney Station. Leaving which about two miles on the right, is the

ABBEY OF KILCREA.

Kilcrea.—Cill-Cera, or Cera's Church, once a primitive cell, was founded about 1465 by Cormac MacCarthy, Lord of Muskerry, for Franciscan Friars. An account will be found in Luke Wadding's "Annals Minorum," vol. xiii., Rome, 1735. The founder's tomb was formerly near the high altar, in the choir, but no trace of it now is to be seen. At the south side is a large altar tomb to Denis MacCarthy, of Ballea. Here is also the tomb of the celebrated Arthur O'Leary, who was outlawed for shooting one Mr. Morris, in St. Peter's Church Lane, Cork, because, through jealousy, he offered him, in penal times, £5 for a favourite horse, on which he rode in some engagement when in the service of the King of Austria. O'Leary was shot by a soldier, not far from his residence, and interred here. Not far from the Abbey, on the left, is Kilcrea Castle, entirely clad in a mantle of ivy, a beautiful object. The square tower, 70 ft. high, is in a good state of preservation. The Castle was built by the founder of the Abbey, and for its protection. It is said to be haunted by a Phooka, or mischievous spirit, under the form of a black crow.

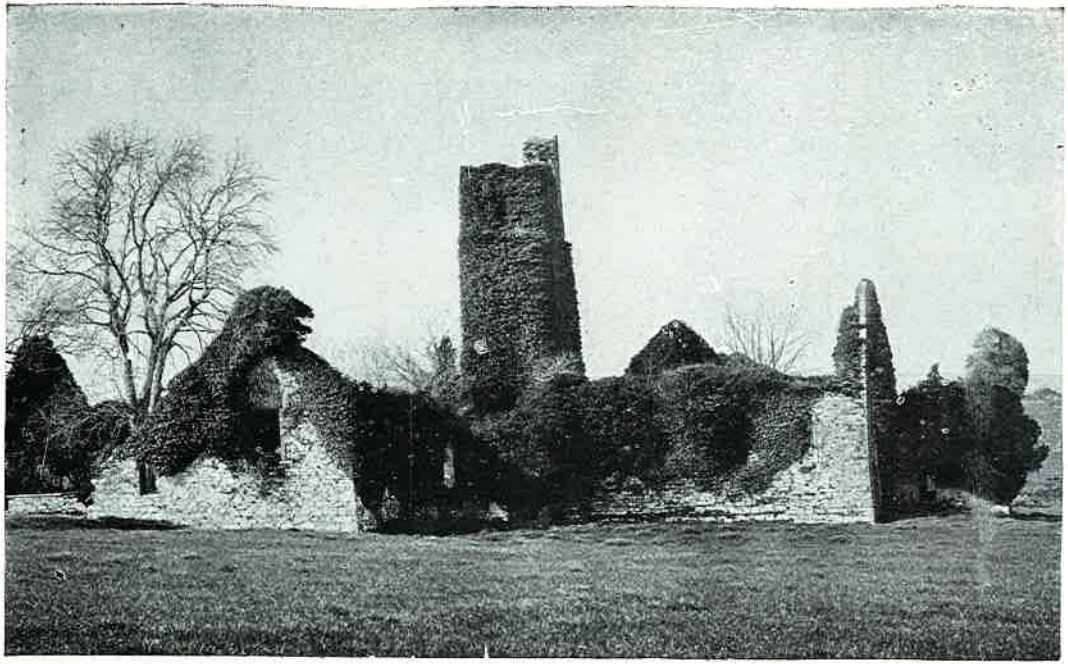


Photo by] Kilcrea Abbey. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

The next station is

KILCREA.

In the bog to the right, and which formerly surrounded this place, and extends as far as Ryecourt, the last wolf in Ireland was killed early in the last century.

It was commenced to be drained as far back as 1710, by Captain Bailey, who resided at Castlemore.

About three miles further on, is Ryecourt, the residence of J. B. Tonson Rye, Esq. The plantations are very extensive and beautiful, the woods containing some of the finest oak in the county. About a mile further on are the beautiful and romantic ruins of Castlemore—caisleanmor, the Great Castle—built by the MacSweenys, in the 15th century.

CROOKSTOWN STATION.

Crookstown—once celebrated for its cider, large orchards being cultivated there. It was the estate of the Earl Clancarty, who lost it in the rebellion of 1641, when it came into the possession of the Crook family. Outside the station, and a little to the left, stands the Castle of Clogh-dha, the stone building of David, founded by Diarmad Oge, one of the MacCarthys, now the property of the Earl of Bandon, who renovated it, and uses it as a fishing and shooting lodge. To the right is Lissarda Castle, built by the Baldwin family, now a fine ivy-mantled ruin. Further on, on the left, we get a glimpse of Warren's Court, the beautiful residence of Sir Augustus Warren. Here is a series of three lakes, a miniature of Killarney, on which are hundreds of swans and wild fowl. The plantations, gardens, &c., are laid out with great taste and magnificence. It is occasionally, in summer weather, visited by the citizens of Cork, by the permission of its owner.

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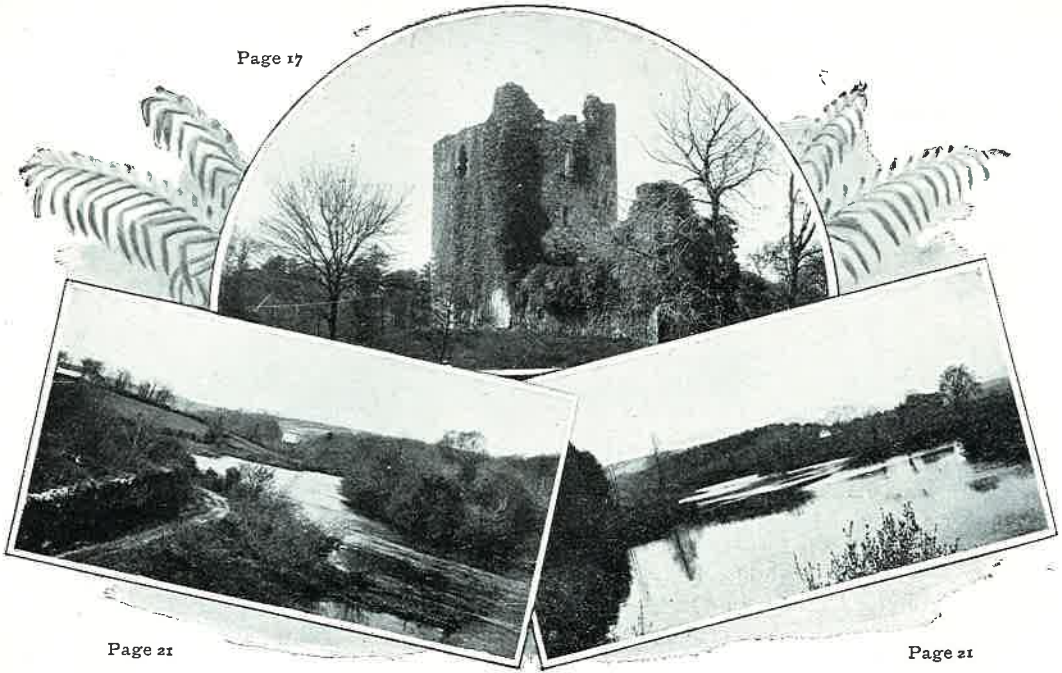

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Photos by] [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

The Lee, from Coolcower Bridge. Kilcrea Castle. Meeting of Sullane and Lany.

DOONISKEY STATION.

Dooniskey.—"The Fort of the Water."—Leaving the station, the railway crosses for the first time the river Lee. On the left is a lovely view of Coolcower Bridge, with "the meeting of the waters." On passing over Sullane Bridge, on the right, a good view is obtained of Mashanaglas Castle (my old fastness), founded by the MacSwineys. The Lany and Sullane unite a little further up, yielding up their names and falling into the Lee. The low meadow ground between the Sullane and Lany is memorable as the field of a battle fought, in 978, by the immortal Brien Boru, then King of Munster, against the O'Donovan and his ally, O'Mahony, who, with their united armies, and including 1,500 Danish auxiliaries, were, after a fierce and sanguinary fight, defeated by the superior numbers of Brien.

Before entering Macroom, the railway crosses the Sullane and Lany. These rivers form another beautiful meeting of the waters. The landscape here is very beautiful. Facing the Railway Station are the Mushera Mountains (highest 2,116 feet), at the foot of which, embosomed in its groves of oak and fir trees, is Mount Massey, the seat of W. Hutchinson Massey, Esq.

There now awaits the tourist's arrival at Macroom Station a superbly appointed motor which immediately starts for a drive that is, perhaps, unequalled in his Majesty's dominions. The town of **Macroom**—a portion of which is driven through—is chiefly famous for its Castle, formerly the residence of the late Earl of Bantry, and now one of the country seats of Lady Ardilaun. It was built by the Carews in the time of King John,

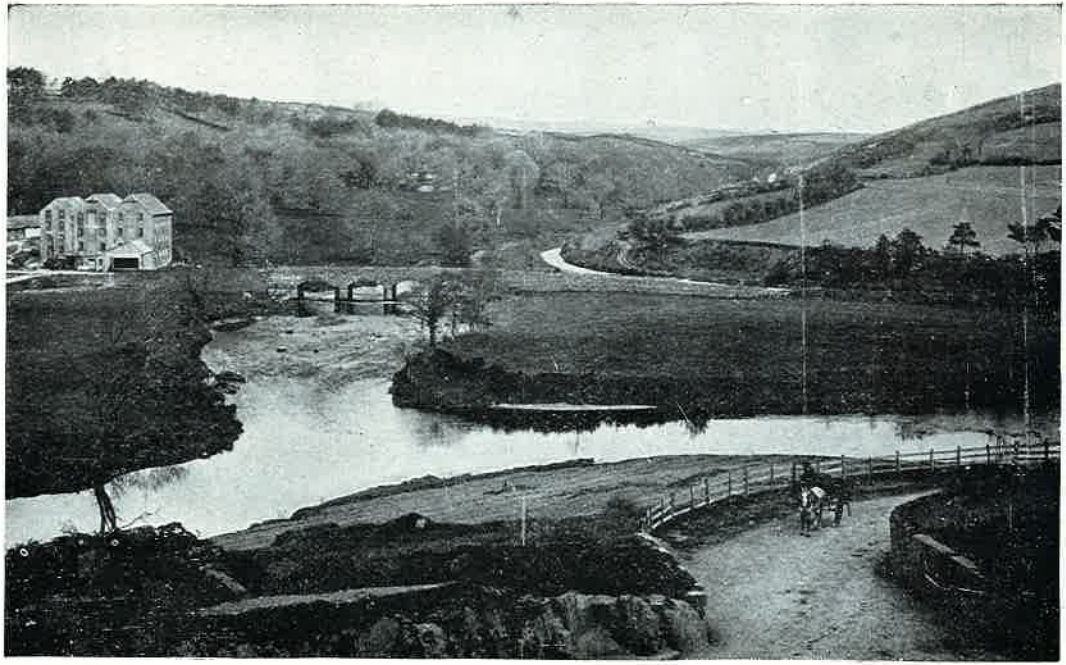


Photo by] The Meeting of the Waters—Sullane and Lany. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

shortly after the conquest. It was subsequently in the possession of the MacCarthys. It was burned in the rebellion of 1641. The huge square keep, now covered with the most beautiful variegated ivy, is all that remains of the original structure. Admiral Sir Wm. Penn, father of the founder of **PENNSYLVANIA,** was born here. Dean Swift, in his visit to the South of Ireland, was much pleased with the place and its surroundings. **Macroom,** the centre of the sporting gentry of Muskerry, for which this barony was always famous, can also boast of a band of poets racy of the soil. In 1774, the poems of John Connolly, a Macroom man, were published in Cork. He thus celebrates the praises of his native town:—

Whoever means to shake off gloom
Let him repair to sweet Macroom,
For here his cares he will entomb
And think no more of sorrow.

Let Mallow yield to gay Macroom,
For here we know not care nor gloom,
Here Nature wears perpetual bloom,
And quite dispels our sorrow.

It was here that for centuries after the introduction of Christianity the bards, or second order of the Pagan priesthood, held their assemblies.

The surrounding district contains many ruined strongholds of the Lords of Muskerry. The scenery is richly diversified, and in many parts beautifully picturesque. There is good salmon and trout fishing in the Lee, Sullane, and Foherish. The town, which is lighted by electricity, contains about 3,000 inhabitants, has some good shops, hotels, banks, schools, and churches. The Catholic Church is a spacious structure, with an embattled belfry, erected in the 18th century. The people of this part of the country are remarkable for their physical as well as their intellectual attainments.

Photo by] Macroom Castle. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

MOTOR CHAR-A-BANC.

Macroom to Inchigeela, Gougane Barra, Pass of Keim-an-eigh, along the Shores of Bantry Bay, to Glengarriff, Kenmare, and Killarney.

Leaving Macroom, we soon pass the ruins of many Castles, including **Carrigafooka** (Fairy Rock), with its Druids' altar, and topping a neighbouring eminence can be seen a remnant of Dundareirk, built by the MacCarthys, and forfeited in the rebellion of 1641. It is now but a shattered relic of what it had been. This is the O'Leary's country, though not a sod of the fee-simple now belongs to one of the Clan. The road now runs into the valley of the Gaorha, or Garra, i.e., "The Valley," which extends some four miles east to west. It is watered by the little river Toon ("the Wave"), and the Lee, circling numerous islets covered with a rich growth of oak, ash, and hazel. The long, rocky ridge on the north side is called Grianan—"the Sunny Craggs."

The Gaorha, or Garra, appears from the road to be nothing more than a wood along the bottom of the valley, with a stream running at its side. Should the tourist, however, have time to visit it, he will be amply repaid, as it is one of the most unique bits of scenery in the world. The river here subdivides into a maze of streamlets, each two or three yards wide, there being one, it is said, for every day in the year, with one extra for leap year. The islets, many of which are about the size of a billiard table, are covered with timber (chiefly oak), the boughs join over the little streamlets, thus forming a most agreeable shade. Below the trees (which only attain a height of 30 to 40 feet), there is

Photo by] Inchigeela Lakes. [*Guy & Co., Cork*

a thick growth of underwood, chiefly of holly, hazel, mountain ash, and guilder rose. The sides of the islets are nearly everywhere fringed with the Royal fern (Osmunda Regalis), the fronds of which attain a height of six to eight feet, almost meeting across the channels, the whole presenting a scene of enchantment more like the "transformation" in a pantomime than anything in real existence.

We now pass through a country celebrated for its Raths, Cromlechs, "Crooked Stone" for sacrificial purposes, and Ecclesiastical remains, becoming wider and more imposing as we approach Inchigeela, near which stands the Castle of Carrignacurra—"the Weir Rock"—said to have been built by the MacCarthys, subsequently held by the O'Learys; but Dermod Oge O'Leary joining in the wars of Desmond and Tyrone, in 1588, was attainted, and his estates forfeited. The Castle is now the property of the Pyne family. Proceeding on the journey, the landscape becomes wilder in character; the rocky hillsides are tinted with the purple of the heather and yellow of the furze, with here and there a patch in "verdure clad," which the industry of man has reclaimed from the surrounding barrenness. The coach soon arrives at

INCHIGEELA,

about half-way between Macroom and Gougane Barra. The Lake Hotel will be found to supply every comfort the tourist can desire. It is much frequented by visitors, who make it their headquarters for fishing and other excursions in the neighbourhood. Here we recommend the tourist to partake of refreshments before facing the thirty miles of road yet between him and Glengarriff. Assuming that the advice has been acted on, and that

Photo by] Gougane Barra Lake and Island. *[Guy & Co., Cork.*

resisting power has thus been secured against the appetizing effects of the breeze from distant Hungry Hill, the journey is again resumed. Proceeding gaily on, pleased and refreshed—in fact, with a mind on pleasure bent—the outing barometer being at "set fair,"

INCHIGEELA LAKES

are shortly reached. For a distance of about five miles the drive is along the margin of the Lakes, the islets of which are purple and gold with heather and furze. Westward rise the fringe of mountains, the first of that scenery which, later on, develops into the heights above Bantry Bay, and the Blue Mountains of Kerry. The largest of the Lakes is known as Lough Allua, which spreads its numerous loughs and bays, each possessing special features. The fishing is excellent. Leaving the Lakes, we approach Ballingeary—"the Place of the Wilderness"—a small village, embosomed amid a zone of hills. Here, just three miles below its source is the first bridge crossing the Lee. Proceeding onwards it will be observed that the river gradually contracts until, at its mountain source near at hand, it is little more than a tiny stream. Turning to the right from the main road, a short drive of about a mile leads to the Island of St. Finn Barr at

GOUGANE BARRA.

Ah! truly St. Finn Barr had an eye for the beautiful and grand in choosing this retreat—so silent, so secluded. Look around at the scene, whose calm and peaceful beauty has won the praise of many tongues. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to describe it adequately. Pen and pencil fail to do so. Who will not be filled with surprise and

Photo by The Shrine of St, Fin Barr, Gougane Barra [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

admiration when a sudden turn of the road brings him at once to the margin of that lustrous lake, around which the precipitous, craggy mountains crowd in gloomy grandeur. If one searched the world for an abode of peace and retirement, this is the spot he would select. The world seems shut out by the mountain walls, bleached and bare, as they rise above the lake. Turn the eye to the surface of the water, then to the verdant islet. How relieving is the contrast afforded by the tender, green foliage. How picturesquely solemn appear the ruins of the little church, and the arched praying stations of the pilgrims. A holy well is also here, and its primitive materials and rude masonry tell at a glance that centuries must have passed since there dwelt here the "Island Saint" and anchorite, the founder of Cork. Of the many venerable anchorites who afterwards occupied the dwelling, and imitated the virtues of St. Finn Barr, the last was Father Denis O'Mahony, whose tomb, erected by himself in 1700, is still to be seen. After exploring the island, the tourist is recommended, if time permits, to follow the road westward, near the border of the lake, he will then come in view of the "Green Valley of Desmond," enclosed by towering mountains, from the side of one of which "Nad-na-nillar" (the Eagle's Nest) flows the tiny source of the Lee. Here will be appreciated the appellation, "Lone Gougane Barra," as the solitariness is almost oppressive. A native bard has painted with fidelity and graphic power the features of a scene which is hallowed by so many associations, where nature has been so lavish of her gifts, and of which it may with literal accuracy be said, that once seen it can never be forgotten. Callanan has sung of it in the following descriptive and soul-inspiring strain:—

There is a green island in Lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow,
In deep-vallied Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all brightning
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning.
And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's deep rattle
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle.
And brightly the fire crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming;
Oh, where is the dwelling in valley or highland
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

. . . . . .

Least bard of the hills, were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds may young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley.
The star of the west may yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.
I too shall be gone, but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakens, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

Photo by] Valley of Desmond, Gougane Barra. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

In this part of the country are many Danish Forts, or Raths, as they are erroneously called. In Irish the word is Lis. The widespread belief in the supernatural power of the "Good people" who are supposed to inhabit them, has been the chief means of preserving them to our times. Until lately no plough was suffered to pass over them, and pigs are said to have refused to partake of potatoes which were grown within the charmed enclosure, long hair growing out of the water they were boiled in during the night. The beings who are said to inhabit the subterranean chambers are supposed to occupy their time in spinning, and on a fine summer evening the noise of the wheel, accompanied with a tune timed to its motion, has been heard by the ploughman as he returned from his work. There can be no doubt they were the habitations of some primitive race, who, spending the day in quest of food, in the chase, on their return at night drove their cattle within the circumvallation to secure them from the attack of wolves, entrenching themselves in the centre, with temporary shelter overhead. Similar earthworks have been met with among the tribes in the interior of Africa. There are usually crypts underground, constructed of loose stones, in which they probably kept their food.

Once more comfortably seated on the coach, after having partaken of refreshments at Cronin's Hotel, where the tourist is well served at a moderate charge—a last look, a regretful farewell—a start is made, the main road reached, then the **Pass of Keim-an-eigh** ("the Pass of the Deer") is immediately approached. It is a ravine or gorge, between lofty precipices of the wildest and most romantic appearance, covered with numerous shrubs, brushwood, and vegetation of the rankest nature. For grandeur it is unsurpassed

by any Pass in Europe. The ravine is said by geologists to have been created by the action of a glacier, which we know existed here in past ages, and of which we have abundant evidence in the marks and scorings on the surface of rocks in many parts of the county. Nothing in mountain scenery, of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy Pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the waters which, in the winter season, rush down from the high ground.

"Every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls which at either side arise up darkling to a great height. The place is well calculated to awaken in the mind vivid and picturesque recollections of times when Creaghadoir and Bonnoght, Kern and Gallowglass, Tory and Rapparee, swept through the encumbered Pass, driving their prey of lordly cattle down the defile—times when were heard the hostile shouts of the wild O'Sullivans and the O'Learys, their fierce hurrahs and furraghs and aboos mingling with the ringing of their swords and their lusty strokes on helmet and shield. It is with associations of spoil, adventure, and daring—of chasing the red deer, the wolf, or the bear, with horn and hound, that the place is properly connected.

"At its entrance from the Gougane side the Pass is seen with best effect; there its high close cliffs are steepest, and the toppling crags assume their most picturesque forms and resemblances of fantastic piles and ancient ruins. These receive beauty and variety from the various mosses which encrust them, and the dwarf shrubs and underwood, ivy and creeping plants which lend their mellow hues to soften and give effect to the whole."—Windele.

Photo by] Pass of Keim-an-Eigh. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

The scenes passed through during the drive from Macroom are thus referred to in "Ireland: Its Scenery and Antiquities":—"Highly gratified with my visit to these romantic scenes, which had they been found in almost any other part of Europe, would have been a favourite pilgrimage for those lovers of the picturesque who haunt the Rhine and traverse the Alps in search of nature in her wild and beautiful solitude."

Following the course of the Owvane, nearly midway between the Pass and Bantry Bay, is the Castle of Carriganass—"the Rock of the Waterfall"—formerly belonging to the O'Sullivans. Originally it was a structure with a square court, flanked with four towers. As we approach Ballylickey Bridge, the noble Bay of Bantry, 26 miles in length, bursts into view. From Ballylickey to Glengarriff, a distance of about eight miles, the drive is along the shores of historic

BANTRY BAY,

commanding not only splendid views of that great expanse of water, but also of the numerous islands with which it is studded. Towering in lofty grandeur high above the Bay, and conspicuous amidst the mountain scenery which here lends so much beauty as a background to the landscape, is Hungry Hill, with the Sugar Loaf Mountain to the right. At the foot of those mountains there lived, some years ago, a peculiar people called the Ranties. The men were hardy and stalwart; the women, when in holiday attire, were dressed in red cloaks and caps, the material of which they made and dyed; some said they obtained the dye from a univalve they found adhering to the rocks. They lived chiefly on fish, which they caught in abundance in the season, and they also

dredged up oarweed from the bottom of the sea, cutting it with curved knives attached to long poles. This weed and sea sand they brought to Bantry and sold for manure. When the Ranties settled down here is unknown, but they lived contented and happy for many generations, until the visitation of cholera in 1831, which caused fearful ravages amongst these poor people, and eventually swept them away. It is said that when the French Fleet cast anchor in Bantry Bay, December 14th, 1796, Colonel White, afterwards Lord Bantry, marshalled the women of this tribe, with their red cloaks and caps, on Hungry Hill, which had the appearance from the ships of a regiment of soldiers prepared to show battle. This threatened invasion was one of the most historic events in connection with Bantry Bay. General Hoche was on board with the Admiral. The ships were drawn up in the Bay, and so close to the land that the men and lights could be distinctly seen by night from Rinaur Point. The whole country was ablaze, the peasantry were armed with spades, pickaxes, and crowbars; communication was kept up with the general of the troops at Cork by swift horses, which, while carrying despatches from Colonel White, were relieved every eight or ten miles on the road. All Kerry was put under contribution to supply them with swift steeds, there being at that time neither telegraphic, telephonic, nor railway communication. At last the time arrived when they were expected to disembark; word was sent the day before to the inhabitants of Bantry, that as many as intended to leave the town should do so within two hours, as all the bridges on the road to Cork were to be blown up that night to retard the advance of the French, who had Irish guides on board. That evening the troops left Cork.

Never before was such enthusiasm manifested; hundreds followed the soldiers, resolved to share their fate or free their country; but early in the morning a courier, mounted and in full speed, met the troops, and presented the following despatch to the General:—"The French Fleet have this morning been blown out of the Bay by a sudden storm of wind, one ship has gone down, several are prisoners of war." So far this invasion, which cast fear into the minds of the British nation, was frustrated by an unexpected gale. The day's drive—one of the finest in Europe, which could not be adequately described within the space at our disposal—is very appropriately concluded at

GLENGARRIFF.

(the Rugged Glen), which, to quote the words of an old traveller written forty years ago, "does not yield to the loveliest spots in the north of Italy, or the fairest Alpine vales in Switzerland." The arbutus and myrtle here bloom in turn amidst the rocks. Here the angler may have full enjoyment; here the sportsman will find plenty of game; the botanist and geologist revel to their hearts' content. The hotel accommodation is excellent, and every facility is afforded for bathing, boating, fishing, driving, and mountain climbing. The tourist is recommended to spend some days here exploring the mountains or lovely glens in the neighbourhood. After the thorough enjoyment of Glengarriff there is yet a further treat in store for one who makes up his mind to "do" Killarney.

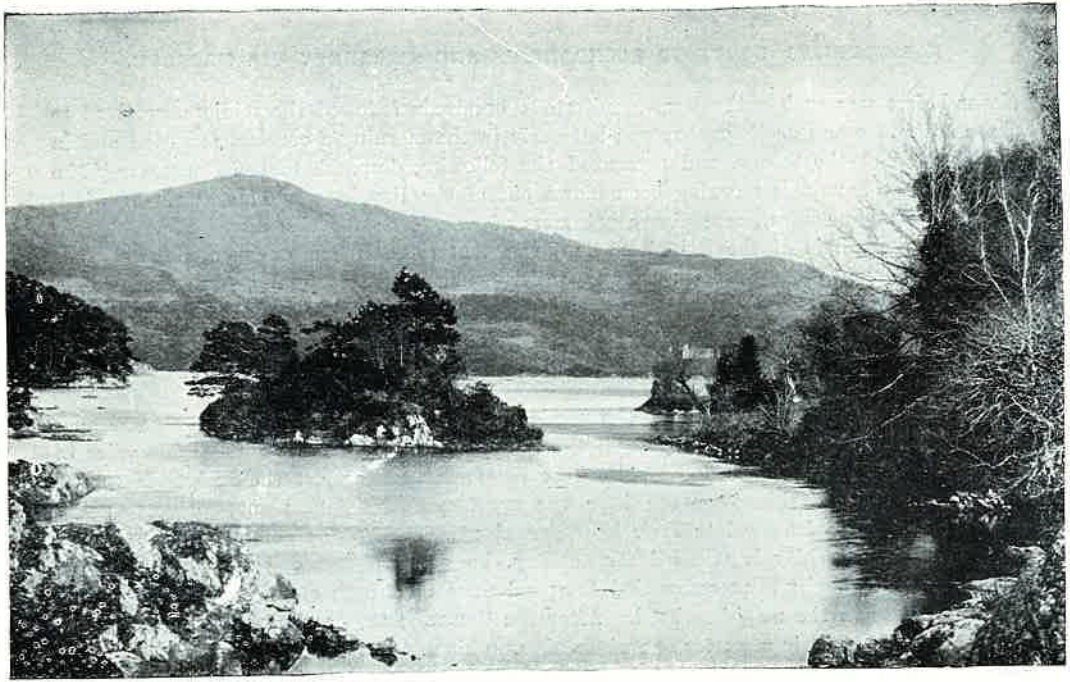


Photo by] Glengarriff Bay. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Photo by] Glengarriff Bay. *Guy & Co., Cork*

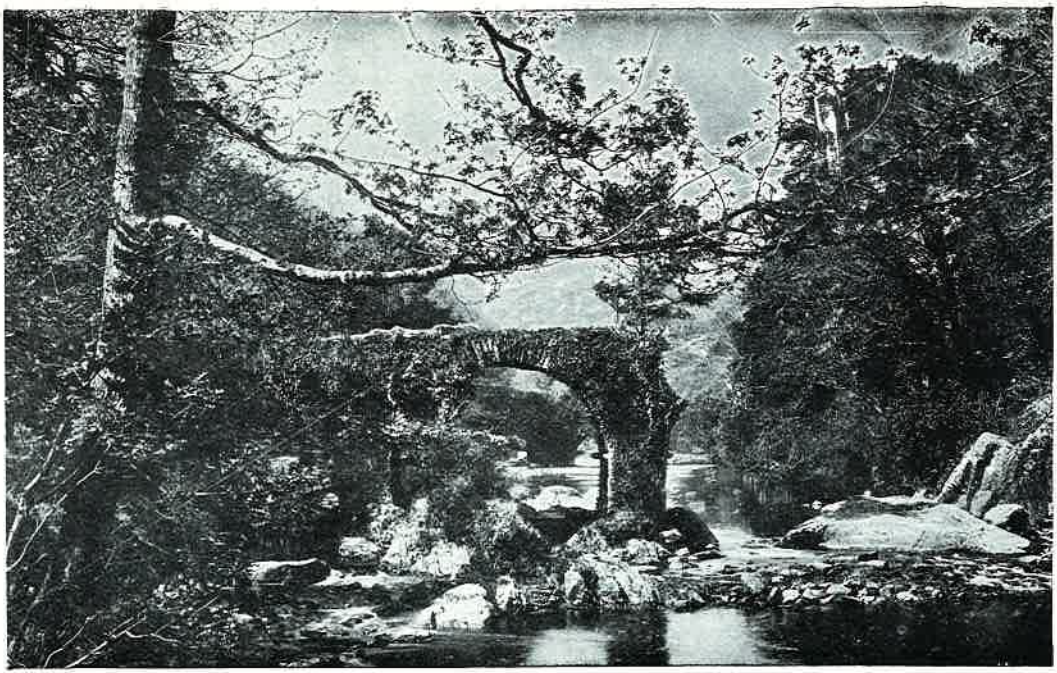
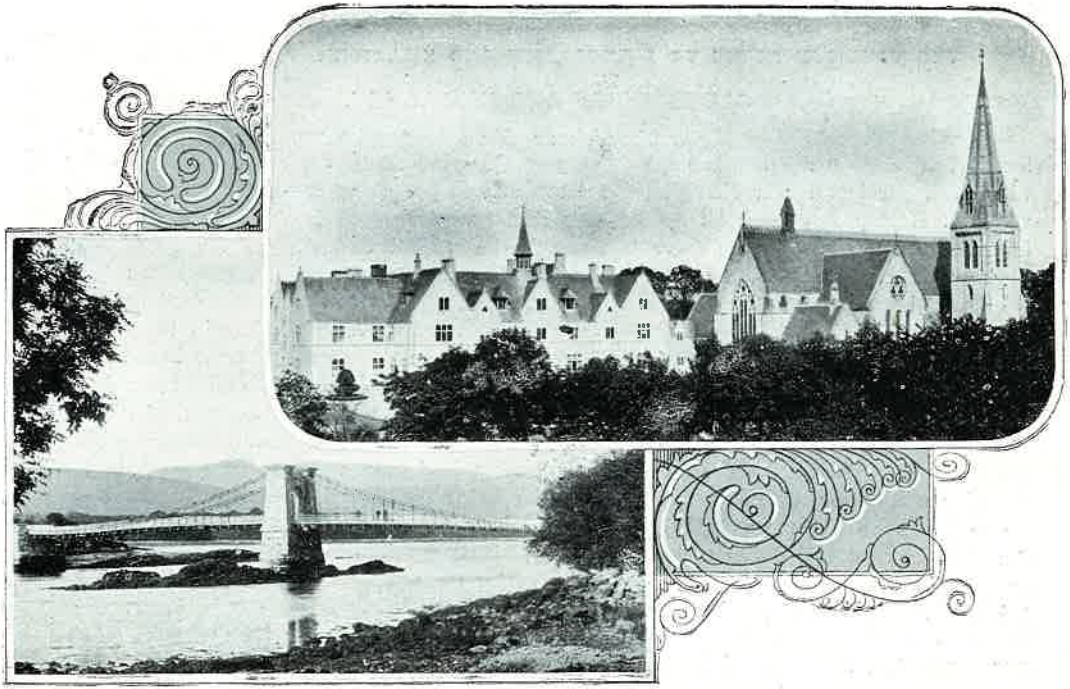


Photo by] Cromwell's Bridge, Glengarriff. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*



Photos by] Suspension Bridge. Convent of Poor Clares and Church, Kenmare. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

GLENGARRIFF AND KILLARNEY.

Leaving Glengarriff by Motor Char-a-banc, for a short distance the road is on the level, then is made a somewhat spiral, very much uphill ascent for several miles, during which delightful and ever changing views are afforded, that to the south taking in the whole of Bantry Bay with all its majestic scenery. All we shall say is, use your eyes incessantly. Further on the drive is through the Tunnel that divides the counties of Cork and Kerry. Now run over in your mind's eye the wonderful scenery you have beheld, and prepare for the beauties of Kerry. Emerging from the tunnel—and as if by the hands of the magician—all is changed; no more of the sweet valley in its wooded loveliness, no such expanse of water as Bantry Bay meets the eye. Grand, however, is the view ahead, all the grander for its contrast with the scenes left behind. Look down the beetling precipices along which the road is cut clinging to its sterile sides, and trace the valley beneath until you catch the silvery surface of Kenmare river. Soon reaching the town of Kenmare, over an elegant suspension bridge, a welcome halt is made for refreshments, after which is undertaken the drive to Killarney by the Windy Gap. Beneath lies an extensive valley, beyond which is the Black Valley. Further on is descried the wild and dark Gap of Dunloe, and further still will be observed the jagged outline of the McGillycuddy's Reeks. Not very far from this part of the journey will be beheld the first view of the beauties of the far-famed Killarney. Beneath is the immense valley in which repose the three Lakes—the Upper, Lower, and Middle, with their numerous islets furnished with nature's foliage of ash and oak, which fringe their edges

and run up their rugged sides. There is no intention here to enumerate the scenic charms of Killarney. That within much greater limits than ours would be impossible. Any of the numerous publications dealing exclusively or chiefly with Killarney will give much valuable information.

It may, however, be not uninteresting to the tourist, who is, perhaps, on a first visit to "the home of beauty," as Killarney is so appropriately termed, to have a slight book knowledge of some of its "sights," in order to be thereby better able to select, according to time and taste, even a few of the many numerous excursions which he will there be given the opportunity to avail of.

The Gap of Dunloe, the "doing" of which, and the return therefrom, affords the pleasing variety of driving, pony-riding, luncheon, and boating—is a truly magnificent defile, several miles in extent. Its narrow pathway is in many parts overhung with projecting rocks, in the crevices of which grow not only masses of ivy and heather, but also trees and shrubs of various kinds. The scene here, so gloomy, yet so grand, has been described as one "that the eyes grow full with seeing." A boating trip over the three Lakes, which are already referred to, from which there are lovely views, will be found to afford a most enjoyable outing in fine weather. The Upper and Middle Lakes are each about two miles in extent, and the Lower Lake is fully five miles long, and very nearly three miles broad. All three are studded with islands, islets, rocks, &c., the stories and legends connected with them, as related by the boatmen and others, will not only entertain and amuse the excursionist, but will tend to make him to some extent

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

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View of Torc Mountain and Ruins of MacCarthy More's Castle, from the Grounds of The Lake Hotel, Killarney Lakes.
(From a Painting by Alexander Williams, R.H.A.)

acquainted with the folk-lore of this very romantic district. A drive to Mulgrave Police Barrack, on the Kenmare Road, afford views of mountain, lake, and valley, also gives the opportunity of seeing some magnificent cascades. Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, Innisfallen Island, and the ruins of Aghadoe, should not be missed.

There are several mountain ascents to be made, somewhat toilsome, of course, but the good pedestrian will feel amply repaid for the expenditure of the necessary exertion. The lovers of the rod and line will find excellent fishing on the lakes.

Among some of the residences, churches, and educational establishments well worth seeing may be mentioned Killarney House, the residence of the Right Honourable the Earl of Kenmare; Muckross House, the residence of Mr. Herbert, D.L.; the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the several convents and schools. To go further into detail would perhaps have the effect of minimising, rather than enhancing, the pleasures in store.

In this somewhat summarised description of a tour, in the whole of which there will not be found a dull moment, anything like over-colouring or word painting is carefully avoided—in fact, many minor but pleasing incidents are wilfully omitted—so that the reality will no doubt far exceed the expectation. Kindness and attention will everywhere be found, and when, after the few days so enjoyably spent in sweet Killarney, there comes the time for departure from "scenes so charming," the excursionist will leave not only with most pleasing recollections impressed on the tablets of his memory, but, furthermore, he will congratulate himself on having selected the "Tourists' Route," via Macroom, Lakes of Inchigeela, Gougane Barra, Bantry Bay, to Glengarriff, Kenmare, and Killarney, so very briefly sketched in these pages.

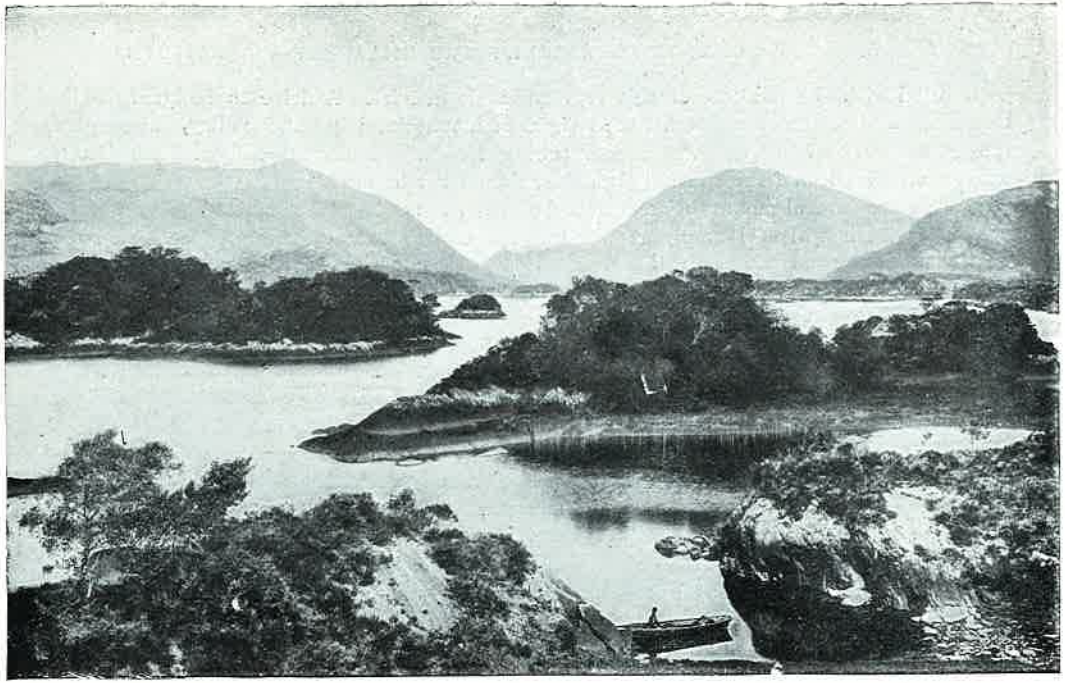

Photo by] Upper Lake, Killarney. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Photos by] [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Torc Cascade, Killarney.

St. Finian's Oratory, Innisfallen.

Meeting of the Waters, Killarney.

X 1912

The Lake Hotel, Lakes of Killarney.

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The Lake Hotel: A Peep in the Grounds, Killarney Lakes.
(From a Painting by Alexander Williams, R.H.A.)

From "Harpur's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East."

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Photo by] Gap of Dunloe, Killarney. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Photo by] Shooting the Rapids, Killarney. [*Guy & Co., Cork*

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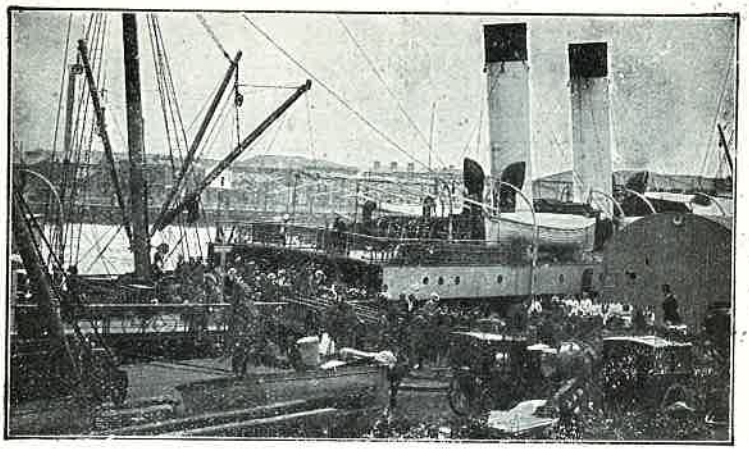

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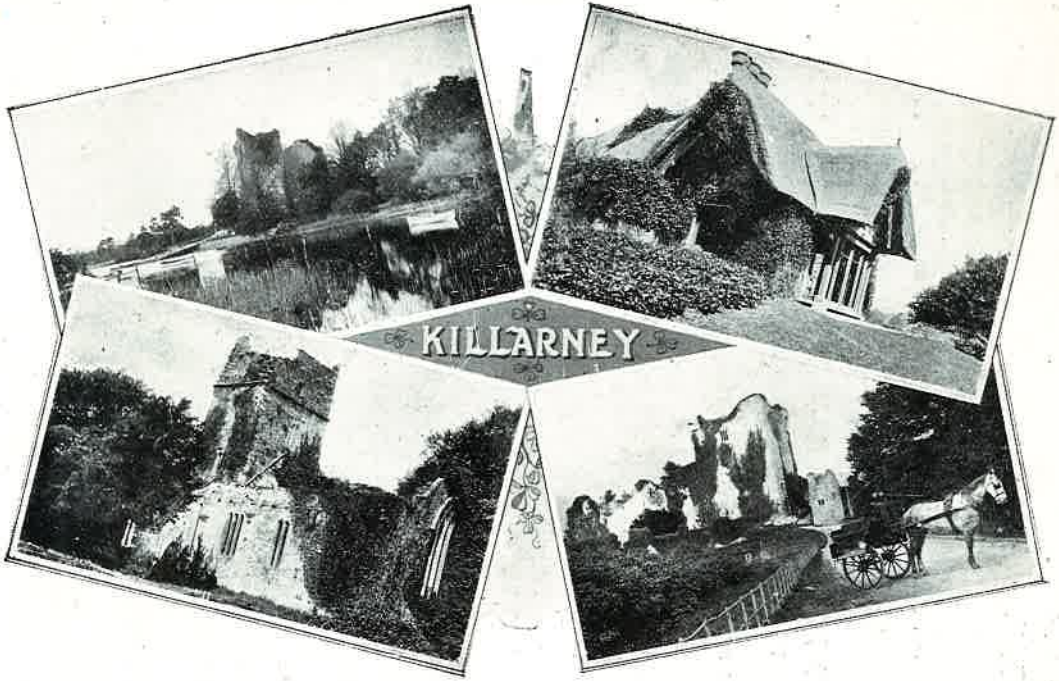

Photos by] Ross Castle, from Lake. Queen's Cottage. [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

Muckross Abbey. Ross Castle.

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		1st Cl.	2nd Cl.	3rd Cl.
Cork, Capwell Terminus, by Rail .. *dep.*	**9-15** a.m.			
Macroom .. .. *arr.*	10-15 ,,			
Do. by Motor .. .. .. *dep.*	**10-30** ,,			
*Inchigeela .. .. .. *arr.*	11-25 ,,	6/-	5/6	4/9
*Gougane Barra Lake .. .. .. *arr.*	12-25 p.m.	9/-	8/6	7/9
*Glengarriff .. .. .. *arr.*	2-30 ,,	14/-	13/6	12/9
Do., (next morning by Motor or Coach) *dep.*	**9-30** a.m.			
Kenmare .. .. *arr.*	11-30 ,,	19/-	18/6	17/9
Parknasilla .. .. .. *arr.*	12-45 p.m.	23/-	22/6	21/9
Do. .. .. *dep.*	**1-45** ,,			
Killarney .. .. *arr.*	5-30 ,,	28/-	27/6	26/9
Killarney (by Motor or Coach) .. .. *dep.*	**9-30** a.m.			
Parknasilla .. .. .. *arr.*	12-45 p.m.	5/3		
Do. .. .. *dep.*	**1-45** ,,			
Kenmare .. .. *arr.*	3-30 ,,	9/3		
Glengarriff .. .. .. *arr.*	5-30 ,,	14/3		
Do., (by Motor or Coach next day) .. *dep.*	**3-0** ,,			
Gougane Barra Lake .. .. *dep.*	**4-40** ,,	19/3		
Inchigeela (stopping for Dinner and other Refreshments at Lake Hotel) .. *arr.*	5-40 ,,	22/3		
Do. .. .. .. *dep.*	**6-15** ,,			
Macroom .. .. *arr.*	7-15 ,,	25/3		
Do. Rail .. .. .. *dep.*	**7-30** ,,			
Cork .. .. *arr.*	8-35 ,,	28/-	27/6	26/9

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* **Return Tickets** are issued by the **9-15** a.m. Train between Cork, Inchigeela, Gougane Barra Lake, and Glengarriff, at the following Fares:—To Inchigeela, 1st Class, **9/3**; 2nd Class, **8/9**; 3rd Class, **8/3**. To Gougane Barra Lake, 1st Class, **15/3**; 2nd Class, **14/9**; 3rd Class, **14/3**. To Glengarriff, 1st Class, **25/3**; 2nd Class, **24/9**; 3rd Class, **24/3**; To Glengarriff (returning *via* Bantry, C. B. & S. C. Railway), 1st Class, **23/3**; 3rd Class, **19/7**.

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